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A LETTER FROM A CATHOLICK GENTLEMAN TO HIS Popiſh Friends, Now to be EXIL'D from LONDON.

Dated *Nov.* 6. 1678.

LICENSED, 1678.

LONDON: Printed for *R. G.* 1678.

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SIRS!

METhinks here's a strange disappointment! Sow *Tares*, and reap *Hemp!* so many Catholick *Calves*, that might have prov'd *Bulls of Basan*, now turn'd *to Grass* i'th' depth of Winter. Fie upon two ugly Proverbs, *All Covet, all Loose*; And, *People can't see when they are well*: not minding *These*, has Ruin'd us. Well may our *Irish* Friends cry, *Oh Hone! Oh Hone!* and *Skulking* Priests sing *Lætimur*, that lately hop'd to have Chanted *Jovial Anthems* at *three Kingdoms Funerals*. We are certain, *This* is at least the *Two Hundredth* Religious PLOT we have contriv'd against the *Heretioks*, and as *Hopeful* as any; and yet to miscarry thus at last, would make a *Capuchine* out-swear a *loosing Gamester*. Sure *Holy Church*, though she be *Infallible* in Divinity, is subject to *scurvy Mistakes* in her Politicks; though confident we are, *had Heaven stood Neuter*, things had never come to this pass. But what signifies it to have *the Keys*, when *the Wards* are *Altered?*

Well! since it must be so, *Farewel* LONDON! we thought *once more* to have *warm'd our Hands in*

Thee, before we went. I'le say that for thee, thou were't one of the *best Forrests* in the Land, for a *Jesuitical Fox* to *Earth* in. His safest *Kennel* was a *Ladies Chamber*; the modesty of the *Messenger* left the *Bed unsearch'd*, and so he *miss'd* him.

But *Courage!* stout *Catholicks!* I trust you have *learn'd* (or else you were never well *Catechiz'd* in your *Fundamental Principles*) to distinguish betwixt your *Kings Commands*, and your *Ghostly Fathers*, and which is preferable. If so, you will see there is no such *Necessity* to be *Packing*. How shall the *dull Heretick* (without *Infallible Spectacles*, and those *His Holiness* reserves for his own *Nose*) know a *Romanist?* Though he carry the *Beasts Mark* in his Heart, he does not *yet*, wear it on his *Forehead*. — But you'll say, they'll *purge your Consciences*. Prethee tell me, what Protestant *Scammony* is strong enough to make a *thorough-pac'd Catholick*. Disgorge *Infallibility*, or the Popes *unaccomptible Power?* yet till they can do *that*, they do but restrain *Popery*, just as Quacks *Cure Agues* with *Jesuits Powder*: The *Fit* will certainly *Return*; as soon as the *malignant Humours* can gather Head; and the new *Convert* Relapse on the first opportunity. Oaths will bind him no more than a *twin'd Thread Sampson*. He can swallow the most *Barbed Test*, as cleverly as *Hocus*, *Daggers*; or a Dutchman, Butter'd Cod-fish. A *Dispensation* (and That his Holinesses *Charity* and *Zeal*, in so *great and pious* a Cause, you may be sure will never deny) is always an Infallible *Help at Hand*, a sure *Antidote* against *Perjury*, though taken in never so large a *Dose*. The Jesuits

Doctrine

Doctrine of *Equivocation*, may hush the grumblings of the most *squeamish* Soul. However, our pious Maxime avowed by a Council, *That Faith is not to be kept with Hereticks*, is a most convenient *Back-door*, that will not fail to secure your Retreat.

But (because *Examples* are more perswasive than *Precepts*) let me mind you of two famous *Instances* amongst *many* that might be repeated, did not your short time of *stay* forbid prolixity. The first shall be that of the gallant *William Parry*, sworn a Servant to Queen *Elizabeth*, *Anno* 1570. who three several times *voluntarily took the Oath of Obedience* to that Queen, prescribed in the first year of her Raign; and yet afterwards (like a *true and generous Catholick*) conspired not only to *Depose*, but *Murther* her; and came but *little short* of accomplishing it. For which *brave Attempt*, in the year 1584. he received the Crown of *Martyrdome* at *Tiburne*. The other is, of the great *Watson* a Priest, and one of our Modern *Saints*, who in his Book Intituled *Quodlibetical Questions*, makes a serious Protestation — "*That albeit he differed in* "*Religion from that which was professed in the Church* "*of* England; *yet if either* Pope *or* Spaniard *should seek* "*by Hostile means to invade his Country, he would wil-* "*lingly spend his substance* 3*i nay, his dearest Blood* "*against any such as should Attempt it.*" Could any Romish more fairly or more fully? yet *he himself*, with *Clark* his Fellow Seminary, were the *first* that saluted the *Gallows*, for acting quite contrary thereunto, by Traiterous designs against King *James*. And who shall boggle to follow such *Reverend and Holy* Precedents?

But

But, not to waste time in telling stories —— Will not our third-hare distinction —— *I am a Catholick of the Church, but not of the Court of* Rome, do some *feats*? 'Tis silly, I confess; as if all the *Animal Powers* did not flow from the *Head*, or that *imbarques* with the Devil were not bound to *sail with him*. But what then? we that have bubbled a grand part of the world into a belief of *Transubstantiation*, &c. why may we not presume to impose upon them *lesser absurdities*?

To the Case in hand: Would you know how to demean yourselves in this unhappy Juncture? I have partly told you already; if it be for the interest of the *Catholick Cause*, or your own *Conveniencies*, you may safely take the *Oath of Supremacy*. The King is *Higher than the highest*; *but* (I hope you mentally think) *there are* (even on Earth) *higher than he*. 'Tis not the first time we have abused the Hereticks *Scripture*—— you know your Privilege. But if you must needs be jogging, be good *Husbandmen* in the *Country*, sow the Catholick *Seed*; but with a *cautious* hand. Most of you Priests and Jesuits I mean, have good *Mechanick Trades* besides to live on, and help out at a dead lift. A poor work-wanting *Shoomaker*, *Taylor*, or *Weaver* may unsuspectedly be entertain'd. What think you of penetrating a *Quaker*? the *End* you know hallows the *Means*: and the *Badger* makes an hole for the *Fox*. Speak loud of *Catholick Loyalty* —— You may boldly out-face the *Powder-Treason* —— Alas! 'twas above *seventy* years agoe. And as for the late *business* of *Ireland*, 'tis almost forgot, or at least our Cruelties there were so incredible, that, to those that know no better, they will seem Fables, especially, if you assure them 'twas only a Rebellion on a *Civil*, not *Religious* score; as *Irishmen*, not as *Papists*. —— But as to our *Loyal Adventures* in *England*, perhaps they'll tell you *Necessity* made our *Venime*; and though *Whores* are *Carted*, yet no woman had ever *Rewards* allowed her for *not being* a common *Prostitute*. At most, that pull on *Services* can challenge no protection for *after-Crimes*.—— However, inculcate it still, 'twill *amuse* vulgar heads; and why may not we that can claim *Supererogating* merits from Heaven, Expel them from earthly Thrones? Wha

When the Treason appears too *broad faced* — Then rail at the *Jesuits* — Cast the Odium there — Though the *other Orders* would have claimed as great a *share* both in the *merit* and *booty*, if the business had succeeded: At least, *Fieri non debet Factum valet*, had been their excuse; yet 'tis better a few bear the blame (they have *shoulders* broad enough) than all.

Whisper where it may be safe, — That 'tis only a *Trick of State* — A few *decoyed Desperado's* concerned; a *couchant* project for a *standing Army*, (we wish they had been up) drive that *nail* home, which done well *clenched* in some *thick scull'd heads*, will notably forward our work. Divide and alienate the Peoples Affections: 'Tis the *onely Card* we have now to play. If we cannot wound the Government mortally, let's *Fly-blow* it with *Scandals* and *Suspicion*, that no man trusting another, *all* may at last become our *Prey*.

Scatter privately some *horrid impossible* Rumours of our *parties Plots*, that those being found *silly* and grosly *false*, our *real designes* may be *disbelieved*: Promote Reports and *Scandals* on persons *unconcerned*, as if they were *Confederates*. 'Tis a blessed Lye in *Machiavel* — *If dirt enough be thrown, some will stick*. That at least will render them *suspected*, and divert their Vigorous Prosecution; and he that by Art can make a *Neuter* of an *Enemy*, gains a *Friend* without being beholden to him.

They rail at us impertinently for *Cruelty*; for if we have, or shall (as who knows what may happen?) *Kill* Thousands of Heretics, 'tis all *in Love*; *Love* to *Holy Church*, that she may not be *troubled* with them; *Love* to the *World*, that it may not be *infected* with them; *Love* to their *Souls*, that their *Sufferings* in the other world may be the *less*, by how much the time of their sinning in this, is the *shorter*. And who will not rather *applaud*, than *blame* such pure *Catholick Charity*?

That which may adde most to your grief, is to see (before your departure) our *Holy Father's* Dignity so vilified and exposed

posed in the *Streets*, on that cursed, unfortunate *Fifth of* [illegible] *vember*. Those *London-Prentices* (the first-born of Heresie) have vowed as eternal *Hatred* to, as ever *Hannibal* had ag[illegible] our Mother *Rome*. Yet are so far *before-hand* with them *Revenge*, that whereas they can but Burn his Holiness *in E*[illegible] he has formerly caused their *Ancestors* (and we hope shall [illegible] *Successors* too) to be burnt *in propriis personis*.

But how came they to sacrifice so many *Popes* togeth[illegible] Though it must be acknowledged, we had once a *Jolly Comp*[illegible] actually in being at a time; I mean about the Year 1378 w[illegible] *Gregory* the Twelfth, and *Benedict* the Thirteenth, and [illegible] *ander*, and *John* the Twenty third, were all *Four* scrambling [illegible] the *Triple* Crown: A shrewd *Gap* in our Succession, and *F*[illegible] in our Infallibity, especially since even the most unerrable V[illegible] of our Council at *Pisa*, could not compose, but rather inc[illegible] sed the *Sacred Brangle*: Yet how these *unhappy Lads* sho[illegible] come to know so much, to me is a *Riddle*. Though we sho[illegible] *lock* up the *Bible*, yet unless we could bury *History* too, I [illegible] there's no good to be done on this *prying Age*; I thought [illegible] good Friends, *Leviathan*, and *Tractatus Theologo-Politicus*, [illegible] done half our Business; that those that value *no Religion* [illegible] *Interest*, had been strong enough to introduce *OURS*, wh[illegible] is so near of *Kin*. But if we are mistaken in our present M[illegible] *sures*, let's wait a while; An expert Seaman can sail with [illegible] *Wind in his Teeth*. *Patience* is then only a *Vertue*, when [illegible] others prove useless. Learn to be wise. Swim with that T[illegible] you cannot *Stem*. Kiss those hands you would *Cut off*; [illegible] *Hugg* those you thought to *Hang*, at least until you *Can*. [illegible] these few *hasty Hints* handsomely in practice; and expect, a[illegible] next *Forreign Post*, further Directions from

November the 6th 1678. *Old Stile*.

Your trusty Adviser,
B. R.

FINIS.

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